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Lord, the Count

ety Drama

By Emma Shoudy

FEB 24 1900

MY LORD, THE COUNT.

A SOCIETY DRAMA.

—BY—

EMMA SHOUDY.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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HELEN WILTON, An American heiress.

MRS. ALFONSO GERARDE WILTON, Helen's mother; a lively widow with social ambitions.

CONSTANCE MARKHAM, Mrs. Wilton's Cousin; a college graduate with ideas, decided but never severe.

COSETTE, A French maid.

COUNT PETROVITCH ZELICKA MAVWOTZKI DE KOBOLOTZKI, A Russian Count.

GEORGE ABRAHAM BROWN, ESQ., An American nobleman.

MR. VAN TUYLE (Tile), A gay society man who goes in for learning.

JAMES, The footman.

2769
Jan. 30. 1900.

SECOND COPY.

MY LORD, THE COUNT.

By EMMA SHOUDY.

ACT I.

MRS. WILTON'S DRAWING ROOM.

(Enter Mrs. Alfonso Gerarde Wilton, in street costume and Constance carrying book.)

MRS. WILTON: Constance, isn't it dreadful! Positively dreadful! I am completely worn out with it all. It's so tiresomely American.

CONSTANCE: With what, cousin Isabelle? (*Constance seats herself.*)

MRS. WILTON: Why all this commotion over just an ordinary admiral. He has no rank in private life at all.

CONSTANCE (*Laughingly*): Oh!

MRS. WILTON: When will the city become normal and assume some dignity. I am ashamed of the rabble in the streets and their vulgar demonstration. There are so many titled foreigners here too, what will they think of us.

CONSTANCE: It is dreadful. (*Looks in book.*)

MRS. WILTON: It is indeed. One can't go into the street but the plebian mob surges up against you or stops your automobile. They offend the eye and deafen the ear.

CONSTANCE: It is too bad, you ought to have a body guard and a herald to proclaim 'make way for

the Right Royal Mrs. Alfonso Gerarde Wilton'. But why do you stay here? There is the aristocratic seclusion of your villa on the Hudson or your cottage at Newport.

MRS. WILTON (*Sits*): Of course it's the correct thing to be here, all people of consequence are. But I do wish Dewey had a title or at least came from a noble family.

CONSTANCE: So that would add to their glory. would it? Now I think of it, there is a story which says he is a descendant of kings by right divine.

MRS. WILTON: (*Takes chair nearer Constance.*) There is, tell me about it, cousin Constance. You do know everything. Did you learn it at Wellesley?

CONITANCE: No, not there. I saw it in a paper. The article said that Dewey comes from an old feudal family of Flanders.

MRS. WILTON: Did his ancestors come over with William the Conqueror?

CONSTANCE: They did, and one of them received a baronetcy from James the Second.

MRS. WILTON: Indeed, do people know that? The foreigners, I mean.

CONSTANCE: I think so, if they read the papers.

MRS. WILTON: Well, I am glad to hear it. It adds so much more dignity to the whole occasion. Now I think of it, he did have quite a noble appearance, like a duke or a prince as he stood on the deck of the Olympia.

CONSTANCE: He did indeed, even nobler than some.

MRS. WILTON: But Constance, (*arises*) the awful mobs with their vulgar curiosity and expressions. I was completely humiliated when just as Count Mavwotzki de Kobolotzki came up to my automobile, they began to hurrah for Rough Riders and War Gods with diminutive names. Rough Riders, indeed! He must think we'er a country of them.

CONSTANCE: Did he show any annoyance?

MRS. WILTON: (*Sits near Constance*) No, it was a relief when he turned to me in that courteous way and said with his charming accent "My dear Madam, why do ze people shout? Iss it an Indian or a gold mine."

CONSTANCE: That must have been a relief.

MRS. WILTON: It was, I immediately called his attention to the naval parade which was quite fine. Bright of me, wasn't it?

CONSTANCE: Yes, quite bright.

MRS. WILTON: I thought so but they do these things much better across the water. At the Queen's jubilee everything seemed so much more stately. There was such reverence and awe for the great people, those with titles, you know.

CONSTANCE: O yes, with titles.

MRS. WILTON: But Constance, to be addressed as "My dear madam," (*rises walks away from Constance*) it ought to be my dear Countess, or my dear Duchess. However, I suppose it's too late for me.

CONSTANCE: Oh, I don't know about that.

MRS. WILTON: Yes, I think it is, (*animated, comes near Constance*) but do you know I believe the Count is interested in our Helen. He gave her marked attention at Newport this summer and inquired very particularly about her today. (*Sits*) If we are a little—oh well—solicitous—cordial, you know, another grand inter-national marriage might not be an impossibility.

CONSTANCE: Does Helen seem to care for him?

MRS. WILTON: Care for him. I presume so. Do you realize, Constance, what this brilliant marriage would mean for us? The dear child would be magnificently settled, and when we went abroad, if we did not remain there entirely, we would be received into royal circles immediately.

CONSTANCE: That would be such a privilege, but you don't know that she cares for him.

MRS. WILTON: Constance, you are so persistent. I verily beleive your college education is making you disagreeable. A woman shouldn't have too much education. Care for him! Why I suppose so, he's so distinguished looking and so gentle and courteous in manner. I am sure he would be kind to her, and the splendor of it all ought to delight any young girl.

CONSTANCE: Then you approve of these international marriages?

MRS. WILTON: I do indeed, (*rises*) I think there is a great deal of false sentiment against them.

Inter-national marriages bring the nations closer together and are really an expression of the truer patriotism, for with so many American girls among the nobility of Europe, inter-national wars would not occur.

CONSTANCE: No, the peace and harmony of Europe, whose nobility have inter-married for generations is remarkable. However, I believe the nations have not yet laid down their arms.

MRS. WILTON (*Leans on chair says weakly*): But Constance, Americans think more of their own children and wouldn't fight against them.

CONSTANCE: So you have decided to marry your daughter, willing or unwilling, to a foreigner. To send her off to a strange land, among strange people and customs. I see you are deeply imbued with the new patriotism.

MRS. WILTON: Pardon me, Constance, if I say again you are entirely too well educated. I read that about inter-national marriages in a paper. The article said they were a good thing. And it exactly coincides with my views. (*Playfully*) Now there's yourself. If you weren't so assertive, with your money and appearance you might just as well marry a duke or something as not. I beleive I could do something for you. (*Coaxingly comes to Constance*) Couldn't you conceal your opinions more, it's so disagreeable for a woman to have opinions.

CONSTANCE (*Rising indignantly pushing Mrs. W.*

away, Mrs. W. laughs): Isabelle! How can I impress upon you that I do not care to marry any one, —domestic or foreign, and certainly shall not marry, merely for the sake of a title, any of your foreign lions who come seeking what they may devour in the way of a fortune. My plans are made for the future and a husband is not included in them. However, if any man could induce me to change them, I should hope it would be some good, honest American citizen. (*Enter servant with card*) I fancy your Count has called to bargain with you, my presence would not be an inspiration, I will leave you.

Mrs. Wilton: Yes, it is he. (*To servant*) You may show him in here. I am so agitated, I am sure he wishes to find out the state of Helen's affections. Oh, for the proper tact to manage this. (*Enter Count wears pointed beard and monacle*) Ah! my dear Count Mavwotzki. It is delightful to see you in New York again. I rejoice in this celebration, for that at least. Will you be seated.

Count M.: Ze madam iss vera kind. I have called on a leetle matter of—I mean I have called to see ze madam, I was in doubt that you might be out—to ze cela—what you call it—ze welcome to ze one soldier.

Mrs. Wilton: I was out for awhile. but I have seen so many of these things in Europe, you know, the Queen's jubilee, where I met the Prince of Wales and the coronation of the Czar, that was magnifi-

cent. It was so dear and gracious of him to have those gifts thrown to the serfs, how they must love him.

COUNT M.: Za do, my dear madam. Za do.

MRS. WILTON: Our naval display was imposing last night. Did you not think so? The Admiral is of royal blood, you know, and the people delight to honor him.

COUNT M.: Iss it so? Ze boats were quite fine and the decorations elegant. You have one great nation.

MRS. WILTON: Oh, we have wonderful resources in America, there is much culture and wealth here now.

COUNT M.: W-e-a-l-t-h, oh yes and ze Madamoselle Wilton. Does she find herself in great speerits?

MRS. WILTON: Thank you, yes, she is unusually happy of late, she has just reached her majority and quite enjoys the independence her $30,000,000 have brought her. Her dear papa left her that. He was an oil prince, you know.

COUNT M.: Oh, it iss $30,000,000!

MRS. WILTON: Pardon me for speaking of it. We in America become very practical. Mr. Wilton used often to talk over his finances with me. He thought a lady should have some familiarity with at least the round numbers of her fortune.

COUNT M.: Ze round numbers, yess. Ah verra good idea zat. My dear madam, I vill be frank wiz

you. I call to zay to you zat I loves ze young lady ever since I have heard about her for—ever since I have seen her, I have desired to do her ze honor to make her my countess.

MRS. WILTON: Ah! Count Mavwotzki, I am delighted to know your highness appreciates my daughter. But who could help loving Helen, she is affectionate and generous.

COUNT M. Ah! affectionate and generous, and are you sure her affections are dessingaged?

MRS. WILTON: I have reason to believe so, and also that the attentions your highness has been pleased to bestow upon her have been received with pleasure.

COUNT M.: You would give me zen your permizzeon to pay my addresses to her?

MRS. WILTON: I do, my most cordial. It would give me great satisfaction to have Helen happy with your highness. My own life has been a trifle sad and lonely since Mr. Wilton's death, but I have always to remember his thoughtful provision for my comfort. It was $50,000,000, you know, Helen's home would be in Russia, I presume.

COUNT M: Yess madam, I have an old, a verra old castle zare. I assure you everything about it is most ancient, quite dilapidated in fact. She would have the title now of Countess Petrovitch Zelicka Mavwotzki de Kobolotzki with the title of Duchess of Valdivostoki near to her.

MRS. WILTON: She would!

COUNT M: Yes, most honored madam. And it would be my pleazhure to introduce her to ze court circles where her standing would be assured—after some necessary formalities.

MRS. WILTON: Your noble highness is most generous, surely a girl could have no brighter prospect. But here comes the dear child now. (*Count and Mrs. W. rise.*)

(*Enter Helen and Mr. Brown, street costumes.*)

HELEN: Mama, Mr. Brown and I have been—I beg your pardon, I didn't notice there were visitors.

MRS. WILTON: Count Mavwotzki, you know, we met him at Newport last summer and also at Mrs. Stuyvesant Pendleton's lawn fete in July.

HELEN (*Walking up to Count and shaking hands, frankly*): Oh yes, how do you do Count. I remember that Fourth of July celebration, you were so scared when the fire crackers went off (*laughs*) I can see you jump yet. Did you think they were dynamite bombs and the Russian Bear was after you, but I beg your pardon, do you know Mr. Brown, Count Mavwotzki. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Brown. of New York City.

COUNT M. (*Superciliously*): Brown, did you say? I have met many Browns in America—my waiter—and—

BROWN: I am George Abraham Brown, Esq.

MRS. WILTON (*aside*): I shall faint, it's a mercy

he said esquire, the English esquires are quite gentlemen.

(*Brown shakes Count's hand long and vigorously, Count tries to withdraw.*)

BROWN: I beleive we met last summer at Santiago, don't you remember the soldier who scattered some Cubans who were giving you a little sport with their bayonets, they mistook you for a Spaniard (*laughs*).

COUNT M. (*Prolonged stare through eyeglass*): Aw—I don't seem to recall it.

BROWN: Don't you? Well, that soldier was I.

HELEN: O George, did you do that? But it was just like you. You always championed the weaker side at school. (*Turning to Mrs. W.*) Mama, Mr. Brown and I, with some others, have been on the water in his yacht—

MRS. WILTON (*Reprovingly*): Mr. Brown and you, and your chaperone.

HELEN: My chaperone! What did I need of a chaperone. We've always known Mr. Brown, besides he helped take care of all Cuba and surely he can take care of just one girl.

BROWN: It has been no trouble, I assure you.

MRS. WILTON (*Looking freezingly at Brown*): Helen, the Count is much interested in the celebration.

HELEN (*to Count*): You are sure to be, the city does look beautiful, and do you not admire our soldiers?

COUNT M: Ze common people think much of themselves. And zis what you call him—Admiral —iss he zen so much? Hass such great titles?

BROWN: Has he such great titles? In America it is title enough to be called the Hero of a Nation.

COUNT M. (*Shrugs shoulders*): Iss it so? You love ze country much. It iss new. One likes new things.

BROWN: New things are clean and pure and strong—they—

HELEN: Mama, some of us went out to the Olympia in a tug. We serenaded—

MRS. WILTON: Helen, this is unusual behavior. (*To Count*) The dear child is just from school, she has been carried away by the excitement of the day, she is very young. (*Mrs. W. and Count pantomine conversation.*) (*Helen and Brown talk aside.*)

BROWN (*To Helen*): The atmosphere is rather Siberian for me, this is a convenient time for a previous engagement, I may see you again. (*Helen assents*) (*To Mrs. W. and Count*) I recall an engagement at the club and must be going. Good morning, Mrs. Wilton. (*Mrs. W. bows freezingly*) Good morning, your highness, I believe we are to meet at the golf links next week.

COUNT. M: It gives me ze pleazhure to think so, (*exit Brown*) (*Count laughs*) Ha! Ha! He iss a great young savage. (*Turning to Helen*) And so Miss Wilton you enjoy yourself in excitement and under protection of young savages. You should come

across the water and dance with the Russian Bear.

HELEN (*Archly*): But I have danced with you here.

MRS. WILTON: Helen!

(*Count appears insulted, but thinks better of it.*)

COUNT M. It is nozzing, madam, madamoselle hass her leetle joke. But truly, madamoselle, you would enjoy a visit to our country. There is our great, magnificent court, our cities, our palaces, and in ze winter ze ice palace all glittering wiz light and ze merry skaters.

HELEN: No doubt I should enjoy it. I have often thought I should like to visit Russia to make a study of your penal laws and the motives for the Peace Manifesto.

COUNT M.: Ze madamoselle iss learned. Madam, I make ze call long. Wiz your permizzeone, I call once more.

MRS. WILTON: Your highness is always welcome here. You will not mind Helen, she has never been abroad and is deplorably American.

COUNT M. My dear madam, she iss charming (*Charmente*). I come again. Good morning, madamoselle.

HELEN: Good morning Count Mavwotzki.

COUNT M. Bon jour, madam.

MRS. WILTON: Bon jour, Count Mavwotzki. (*Exit Count.*) (*Aside*—For once I am glad allowances could be made for American savagery.) Helen,

weren't you quite uncivil to the Count; I am sure he is very courteous himself.

HELEN: Oh, I don't know. He irritates me so, and he was so unkind to Mr. Brown, then I always think he is calculating just how much capital would justify the expenditure on my custom or belongings.

MRS. WILTON: But Helen, I have reason to know that you grossly misjudge the Count. He has often told me of his own elegant palace and his friends at court, and I am sure his attentions to you are entirely disinterested. Only today, he spoke most eloquently to me of his admiration and undying love for you.

HELEN: Oh mama!

MRS. WILTON: He said he would be proud to make you his countess, the mistress of his palace, but was in the depths of dispair for fear his love was hopeless.

HELEN: Mama, I can hardly believe it. What did you say?

MRS. WILTON: It is true, Helen, I don't wonder you are overcome. If you had witnessed the brilliancy and magnificence of the Russian court as I have, you could still better appreciate the dazzling prospect and your exceeding good fortune.

HELEN: But mama, I don't care for him, or about his old palace, or court either. Papa would never have wanted me to marry a foreigner, he thought so much of his own country.

MRS. WILTON: Your poor papa would feel very differently if he were alive now. He was progressive and would be filled with the new patriotism—the universal brotherhood of man.

HELEN: But I don't love him, besides, I have more than half promised George—Mr. Brown—

MRS. WILTON: Helen Gerarde Wilton! I could never consent to that. WHO is Mr. Brown?

HELEN: Why George—he was here today. Surely you know George Brown.

MRS. WILTON: I know a young person by the name of George Brown. But WHO were his ancestors? Were THEY titled and did THEY come over with William the Conqueror?

HELEN: I'm sure I don't know, I never thought of that. I'll ask him. But really, I don't see what difference it makes whether his ancestors were titled or not. I am sure they were good.

MRS. WILTON (*aside*): It's so ordinary to be good.

HELEN: I have all but promised George to be—

MRS. WILTON: Well, that wouldn't need to be considered. Count Mavwotzki will make you a good, kind husband, and such a brilliant future. (*Approaches Helen.*) It quite makes me dizzy to think of it. There could be such an impressive wedding to begin with—have the Russian ceremony here. Erect an altar, have the candles and church pictures —subdued light—enter bridal party—you all beautiful in your white robes—the ceremony, and then

the grand Russian hymn. The next day we could have our own high church ceremony. Your pictures and praises would be in all the papers and magazines, and life would be worth living for one while.

HELEN: It is a very effective picture, to be sure, but some way it does not appeal to me. Now, if it were Mr. Brown—

MRS. WILTON: Brown! Let me never hear the name of Brown again. Helen, I have been a kind, solicitous mother and am still so. Believe me, I know what is best for you and my heart is set upon this marriage. Refuse to consent to it and you raise a barrier between us which it will be difficult to overcome. Do you understand me?

HELEN: I do.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT II.

MRS. WILTON'S PARLOR.

(*Helen seated. Enter Constance carrying book.*)

HELEN: O Constance, I'm so glad you came in. Tell me what shall I do? I must answer the Count today. Mama is inexorable and I fear it may separate us if I refuse. Until this craze for titles took possession of her we were so happy together.

CONSTANCE: So you must decide today. (*Thinks.*) Do you want to marry this Count?

HELEN (*Forcibly*): No!!

CONSTANCE: Then for pity's sake say so and settle

it. Your mother will forgive you in a week or two.

HELEN (*Mischievously*): Maybe you'd take him off my hands, Connie?

CONSTANCE: I! You know my sentiments on the question, besides I'm not making matrimonial ventures of any kind. Some day when I am named with the other women benefactors of the race, or am president of a college, you will see that I have chosen the better way for me—pardon me—if I say the nobler. You see I hold that the single life is the truly unselfish and altruistic. One has so much more time to devote to the general good.

HELEN: Then you don't mind living your life alone.

CONSTANCE: Alone! What a benighted, antediluvian idea it is. Why there's the whole world for company. I presume you think I might better marry a Weary Willie or broken down nobleman.

HELEN: No, not that. But aren't you forgetting Mr. Van Tuyle?

CONSTANCE: Mr. Van Tuyle! I don't see what Mr. Van Tuyle has to do with it.

HELEN: O nothing. Only you seem to have some interest in his understanding of metaphysics and psychical subjects.

CONSTANCE: Mr. Van Tuyle has expressed a laudable desire to know more of these subjects and it is only part of my life work to give knowledge where it is desired, the same as I would bread and meat.

HELEN: Well, it's all very grand I dare say, but

it seems to me it would be pretty lonesome without, well—say George.

CONSTANCE: You care for George, then marry him, do. Helen, I believe I have a plan that will settle everything satisfactorily. Do you personally object to the Count for a relative—say cousin, or step-father?

HELEN: What *do* you mean?

CONSTANCE: Only this, I believe your mother, with a little encouragement of the right sort, would marry him herself. Pardon me if I say I don't believe it will make much difference to the Count. She has more money than you. He isn't such a bad sort, being a sprig of nobility.

HELEN: But mama is—why I don't believe she'd do it.

CONSTANCE: I think she will. The Countess of Witchazel did and also the Baroness of Graveton. That will make it "correct," you know.

HELEN: Well if it can be happily settled that way I am sure it would be a relief. It would save trouble between mama and me, and satisfy her ambition.

CONSTANCE: I have been preparing her mind for it. I think the scheme will materialize. But here comes some one.

HELEN: It's George. I told James to send him up here. I suppose I'll have to answer him now. Don't go—there's some one with him. (*Enter George and Van Tuyle.*)

HELEN (*coldly*): Good morning Mr. Brown. Mr. Van Tuyle how do you do. (*Coldly to George.*) This is delightful that you brought Mr. Van Tuyle.

BROWN: Yes. He came across me on the street. Said he had a book for Miss Markham. Good morning, Miss Markham—

CONSTANCE: Good morning, gentlemen. It was kind of you to bring the book. It has the article on "Man Correlated to the Universe." Do you know I found another article on the same subject. It is in the library. Won't you come in and we can compare them. Helen and Mr. Brown will excuse us I am sure. (*They nod assent—Brown vigorously. Constance exit, followed by Van Tuyle.*)

VAN TUYLE: With great pleasure. (*To audience.*) Man Correlated to the Universe. My universe has gone to the library, I must correlate. (*Exit.*)

BROWN: Helen did you think I brought Van Tuyle? It was as I said.

HELEN: Really, I hadn't thought anything about it—I'm sure he's a very pleasant young man.

BROWN: He's all right in his place. But come Helen. how is it between you and the Count and me? You must tell me today.

HELEN: I must? I don't know George. You see I don't know who you are—

GEORGE: Who I am! Why you've known me all your life.

HELEN: Yes, but I don't know about your ancestors—your family tree, you know.

BROWN: Oh, my family tree. It's quite ancient, Autumnal colors, in fact—it's Brown.

HELEN: How absurd! But that won't do; you've got to say your catechism. There now! Stand up there—toes on the line. Now who was your oldest ancestor?

BROWN: Why—why—I don't know—O yes it was Methuselah.

HELEN: I guess that's right—but that isn't what I meant. Let's try again—with whom did your ancestors come over?

BROWN: Over—over what?

HELEN: Why over the floods of the mighty deep, of course.

BROWN: Oh, the floods— It was Noah.

HELEN: George, you are so disappointing. You ought to have said William the Conqueror. It's the "correct thing" for ancestors to come over with William the Conqueror. Now, here's another one. When did your family get the distinguished name of Brown?

BROWN: I can answer that. In the thirteenth century when the rest of the people were differentiated. But come, this is enough nonsense. If you really want to know about my ancestors, as far back as it is necessary to investigate, they have been

brave, true men—loyal to their friends, their country, their homes. Is that a satisfactory record?

HELEN (*Shyly*): Yes.

BROWN: Then Helen, my little Helen, it only remains for you to say you care enough for me to—

HELEN: But the Count didn't say it that way. He—

BROWN: I will endure no more of this. I am no child to be played with, no servile flatterer or titled conquering hero. It is not womanly of you to treat me so— (*Helen grieved. George approaches her.*) Forgive me Helen, little playmate, but I have hoped so long and dared to expect something different. All through those terrible Cuban days, through heat, through fever and through suffering, and when Spanish bullets were flying thick on San Juan Hill, it was thought of you, and that you cared that nerved my arm and stayed my courage. Don't tease me now Helen. Tell me truly do you—

(*Enter Constance and Van Tuyle absorbed in conversation*).

CONSTANCE: Yes, the Norm of the Cosmos is a rather abstract term to grasp, but you have had no difficulty with it. Do not allow yourself to become discouraged in your psychical research. As a college professor of mine used to say, "We are all children in the presence of new knowledge."

HELEN (*Laughingly*): Are you people still deep in psychological subjects? Mr. Brown has just sug-

gested that we all take a walk, the day is so very fine.

VAN TUYLE: Just the thing I am sure.

HELEN: Will you gentlemen wait here until we find our wraps. (*Constance opens magazine—points to place—calls Van Tuyle's attention, etc.*)

HELEN (*To George*): I shall tell mama to receive the Count and give him a final no.

BROWN: (*Demonstration.*)

HELEN: No nonsense, sir!

(*Exit girls. Brown walks about angrily.*)

VAN TUYLE: Say Brown, what in the name of all that's wonderful is the Norm of the Cosmos? She thinks I know, but I don't. Tell me quick!

BROWN: It's a confounded idiot that comes into the room at the wrong time.

VAN TUYLE: Honest now! What does it mean? I understand about the evolution of conscicusness and that by interest and eloquence I can be raised above myself and subject and become *it*—

BROWN: Become an it. You are one.

VAN TUYLE: Become *it*. Rise above the subject. You don't understand these things. I know too, that I have no idea—

BROWN: I thought so.

VAN TUYLE: But *am* an idea, which idea I might mention incidentally is fast becoming Constance. But Norm of the Cosmos—Norm of the Cosmos. It

might just as well be Corm of the Blosmos—(*thinks.*) Say Brown, isn't she magnificent?

BROWN: It depends on who she is, and the point of view. However, if it's Miss Markham, she doesn't appeal to me.

VAN TUYLE: I should hope not. Now, I go in for learning myself and I want that magnificent creature at the head of my ancestral house and the learned of the earth to gather in my heraldic halls.

BROWN: Shouldn't think you'd feel at home.

VAN TUYLE: Don't mention it, she doesn't suspect it. You see I let her do all the talking and I appaeciate. She thinks I'm up to her. The rule works just as it does with your learned men and appreciative women.

BROWN: Well you are done for sure. Has she given you any encouragement?

VAN TUYLE: Not the slightest. But she talks to me. Discusses things, you know—

BROWN: Your name will go against you with her.

VAN TUYLE: (*Indignantly.*) My name! How's that, I'd like to know?

BROWN: It doesn't sound American. The Van spoils it.

VAN TUYLE: But it is as American as any of 'em, Knickerbocker stock, I can prove it. I'm a direct descendant of the last Dutch colonial governor, old Peter the Stubborn. That's why I don't give up my Constance. But hush! Here they come. Norm of

the Cosmos—Corm of the Blosmos—Blorm of the Blormsmus—Heavens!—Brown—

HELEN: We were longer because I had to find mama (*looking meaningly at Brown*) I told her we were going for a walk.

CONSTANCE: The Norm of the Cosmos as also the theory of composite personality has become an interesting psycological subject.

ACT III.

(*Constance seated writing. Enter Mrs. W.*)

MRS. WILTON: It's all over. Helen has refused point blank to marry the Count.

CONSTANCE: Indeed!

MRS. WILTON: Nothing I can say influences her. She's as firm as the Plymouth Rock, and as obstinate as the thirteen original colonies — Vulgar little upstarts they were.

CONSTANCE: To be sure.

MRS. WILTON: But I can't give it all up. The eclat of the wedding ceremony and all those foreign triumphs. It was too splendid.

CONSTANCE: And I would not give it up. Life yet holds possibilities for you.

MRS. WILTON: Do you really think so?

CONSTANCE: I believe it all depends upon you whether the Count is ours, or not. You have friends abroad who have accomplished as much. (*Looking at watch*) I must deliver a lecture on "The Auton-

omy of the Ego," now, and later one on the "Philosophy of Protest." I am not in sympathy with either theory. Neither is Mr. Van Tuyle and he thinks so clearly on these abstract subjects. You consider my suggestion concerning the Count and we will talk of it again. Au revoir, ma belle cousin. (*Exit*)

MRS. WILTON: Au revoir. (*Laughs*) "Mr. Van Tuyle thinks so clearly on abstract subjects." But the Count—I wonder if I could. He can't be so very young, and there's the "feefty million." I'll do it. (*Goes to mirror, arranges hair—finds gray hairs*) O it's gray! Are there many? (*Rings for maid—enter Cosette*) Quick! Have I many grey hairs? Be quick, Cosette.

COSETTE (*searching*): Not one, my lady.

MRS. WILTON: Look closer! The truth—the truth! Tell me the truth!

COSETTE: The truth is it. Then there are a few —just a few—but they don't show, my lady.

MRS. WILTON: They *do* show. O Time, Time is *so* cruel! Don't you think time is cruel Cosette?

COSETTE: But my lady, there are remedies.

MRS. WILTON (*triumphantly*): There are remedies —Blondine (*or Blackoline*), Blondine will do it! (*Rises*) Time I defy you. While there are remedies and the heart is young (*gaily*) there is no age. You may go Cosette. But stay, stay, when Count Mavwotzki calls tell him I am here—here—do you understand me?

COSETTE: Yes my lady (*scared—Exit.*)

MRS. WILTON: Now Venus and Appolo smile down upon me! Charms of my youth, come back.

(*Orchestra plays few bars of waltz. Mrs. W. listens for Count; arranges dress—hair—puts rose in hair; may take a few fancy steps, or some parts of a scarf dance using lace scarf, or may sing. Enter Count.*)

COUNT M.: Good morning, madam. Ah, you are gay (*or you sing*). You are gay (*or you sing*) like ze beautiful leetle bierds. Madam is happy and all is well.

MRS. WILTON (*coquettishly*): I hope all will be well.

COUNT M.: Madam "hopes." Iss not zis ze day when my answer is made? (*Mrs. W. hesitates*) Does madam tell me? Do I not have ze answer from my Helen's own lips—

MRS. WILTON: Helen—the dear child is so timid. She has a very exalted opinion of your Highness.

COUNT M.: I assure ze madam it gifs me ze great pleazure zat I condescend to her. Her goodness, her beauty, her grace make it my delight. I assure ze madam my soul iss longing to call her mine. It sall be proud for me when I see her in my antique castle.

MRS. WILTON: The Count is very kind. But Helen thinks—says—says she does not love you.

COUNT M.: Impossibeel! Impossibeel! I am ze Count, I haf ze papers—I can prove it!

MRS. WILTON: Oh believe me, my dear Count, I do not doubt for one moment the authenticity of

your Highness' title, but Helen is very young and, pardon me, you seem some older, more paternal. And then her affections—HER'S—have been given to another. O, it grieves me to give you pain, and we —*I* shall miss you.

COUNT M.: Um! Ze madam will miss me. (*Mrs. W. sits*). (*Aside*) Why not ze madam. Need I not come ze more? Come to ze madam's palace? (*Approaches Mrs. W., touching rose in hair*) Ze rose is verra beautiful—it is ze queen of flowers—it is more perfect, more beautiful zan ze bud—it has fulfilled its promise. Madam, I haf found much pleazure in you company. A woman of ze world is more bright, enjoys one's value more.

MRS. WILTON: You think so, my dear Count.

COUNT M.: Yees madam. Ze madam will come abroad some time. and let me do ze honor to introduce her to ze court circles?

MRS. WILTON (*Clasping hands*): That would be Heavenly!

COUNT M.: Non, non, not Heavenly—ze common people, ze serfs, za go to ze heaven—but grand, superb.—Madam's life is sometimes lonely, some sad since ze oil prince died?

MRS. WILTON: O it has been so lonely until—

COUNT M.: Until ze daughter wass grown. Madam thought much of ze oil prince?

MRS. WILTON: He was very generous. His last thought was for me. In his will he—

COUNT M.: Oui, ou i, feefty—. Ze rose is verra fresh and beautiful and madam do sing (*or is gay*) like ze leetle bierds. I may come to see her sometimes—often? She iss verra kind. Ze rose sall not be lonely more—it iss cruel to be lonely. Ze eastern wind sall woo it and ze bee taste of ze honey. Ze madam will be at ze ball ziss evening?

MRS. WILTON: Oui, my lord (*rises*).

COUNT M.: Bon jour zen for ze now. Ah ze rose iss beautiful. (*Backs out gesturing and bowing low.*)

MRS. WILTON: "Ah, ze rose is beautiful." Isn't he charming—exquisite? And he is mine, mine! I know it. Already I feel the Countess' diadem upon my brow. Tiffany shall order it tomorrow—then—ROOM—for her—High-ness—the Count-ess—Pe-tro-vitch—Ze-lieck-a—Ma-vwotzki—de—Ko-bo-lotz-ki—Room! (*Keeps time with a march across stage.*) Ah, my Peter, your Countess shall wear such sables, such pearls and diamonds as shall make her famed throughout the world and received with open arms by all the courts of Europe (*Exit proudly.*)

SCENE II.

(*Enter footman, dusting and setting things straight; concerned about whiskers which get awry. Enter Cosette, French maid.*)

COSETTE: What's the matter Jeemsy? You don't look exactly happy—

JAMES: Don't talk to me! Don't look at me! Don't speak to me!

COSETTE: Come tell me. That's a good boy Maybe I can help you.

JAMES: Eh! Maybe you could. You are rather quick. (*Maid goes off*) Come back here Cosette, I mean it! See here, it's like this. I can't please the mistress any more an' I'm afraid I'll lose me job.

COSETTE: Why, what's the trouble?

JAMES: You know how foreign and arist.cratic this household is getting. We're all runnin' mad standin' sthiff as pokers to receive His Highness Count Movwotzki de Kobolotzki, first for Miss Helen who has too much good sense, then for the misthress who seems mighty willin'.

COSETTE: Your right there Jeemsey—I wrote some poetry about it last summer at Newport.

JAMES: You did! (*Admiringly*) Le'ss hear it, I have a poetic turn mesilf.

COSETTE (*Hesitates—bashfully draws from pocket*): Here it is; I always carry my poetry with me. The first two lines are gone—you see they wouldn't go straight.

JAMES (*Nods head sympathetically*): Read thim! (*Looks over paper.*)

COSETTE:

And those who did not play at golf
Went sailing on the brine,
In yachts worth many thousands

Of the dear and precious shine;
They raced and raced Long Island Sound,
And chased themselves around,
To pick up any noble duke
Who might chance there to be found.
But soon we'll have to draw the line
And stop them while they go,
For a Newport swell has started
To wear bangles on his toe.

JAMES (*Admiringly*): That's foine, Cosette, foine! And the shinin' light of truth is in ivery worrud. However, me reputation as a man of literary cultoor prompts me to shay the firrust twc lines as is missin' is the best. (*Cosette goes off offended.*)

JAMES (*Softer tone*): They are the best, Cosette, but you could improve upon thim. You're bright, you know.

COSETTE (*Comes back*): Don't you ever write poetry, Jeemsey?

JAMES: Um—well, yes, I think I can say with becoming modesty I do sometimes—

COSETTE: Say some for me, Jeemsy.

JAMES: Well, I wrote some about that boat race —between Shamrock and Columbia, you know. Shamrock! Wasn't that a shlam on ould Ireland to call that clipper Shamrock!

COSETTE: Yes, yes, but the poetry! The poetry James—

JAMES: Oh yes, the poetry—well here it is:

Hail Columbia happy land,
See the people on the strand.
(*Scratches head and thinks.*)
Yellin' there to beat the band—
The Columbia has beat her—
Haste we to the dock and greet her.
Shamrock's done for on the square,
Britishers now tear their hair.

COSETTE: That's elegant, grand—

JAMES: There's more, Cosette, but I can't think of the rest.

COSETTE: Then my reputation as a woman who writes poetry prompts me to say that the rest you can't think of is the best.

JAMES: Cosette, I'm proud of you.

COSETTE (*nods yes*): Why?

JAMES: You're so honest. You always pay your debts.

COSETTE: We're even now. Go on, Jeemsy.

JAMES: Well you know how the misthress has taken it into her crazy—

COSETTE (*Looks around*): Hush! Hush! (*James looks around—scared—then brave.*)

JAMES: —crazy head! I said it! Into her crazy head that the land which grew me illustrious countrymen Pathrick Hinnery an' John L. Sullivan, George Washington Dewey and the rist, is too common—too plabean—(*inquiringly at Cosette, as much as to say, do you understand plebean*) —too plabean, Cosette.

COSETTE: Yes, too plebean; go on.

JAMES: She says we have got to get a more distinguished foreign atmosphere here, an' since we're most like the Angling Saxon race, we'd better be Angling Anglish, bedad! She does, I heard her tell Miss Helen—

COSETTE: Oh Jeemsy—eaves droppin'.

JAMES: Aves dhroppin' is it! Faith an' I sthood right in plain sight. She don't mind me. I'm the footman. Thin, too, we must learn to say me lady insthead of good old Anglo-Saxon misthress or Celto Frencho madam, etcetera.

COSETTE: Et Cetera, I know all but that.

JAMES: Yez musth get used to such words, we are a cosmopolitan people now and our language musth cosmopolize.

COSETTE: Oh, we must cosmopolize, then. Kui sue volez dire (*pronounced keh voolai voo deer—means "what do you mean"*).

JAMES: What?

COSETTE: You tell what, Jeemsy—

JAMES: It's Hawawian and means "You're a little fool, dear."

COSETTE: It does not. It's French and says "What do you mean."

JAMES: O well, the French are n't in our territories—yet.

COSETTE: His Highness, the Count, speaks French to me.

JAMES: His Highness, the Count, does, does he? To you!

COSETTE (*Nods head*): He gave me this, too (*shows coin.*)

JAMES: He did! The spalpeen! Give it to me direchtly.

COSETTE: I will not give it to you.

JAMES: Give it to me direchtly.

COSETTE (*Goins to him slowly—scared*): I will give it to you, but not directly (*puts in his hand or on floor*) —chocolates Jeemsy.

JAMES: I guess not—I'm taking up a collection for the Chicago University, and I might want to send relief to my foreign allies.

COSETTE: It's a wonder you wouldn't consider your "domesticated" compatriots a little (*walks off.*)

JAMES (*searches pockets, finds chocolates*): That's right, I ought to. Here's some, Cosette (*pretends to put in her mouth—puts in own.*) Microbes! O well, here's some more. You can't see them and they don't taste.

COSETTE: More—

JAMES: No; I'm forming a chocolate trust. Besides I want to tell you the rest—

COSETTE: Well, go on with your story.

JAMES: You know that time we all went paradin' off to thim fall festivals at Chicago, because forsooth—

COSETTE: Forsooth?

JAMES: Yes, forsooth. Because forsooth me lud the Count musht "egsplore the interior and observe the Indians."

COSETTE: Ha! Ha! Yes.

JAMES: Well the misthress calls me to her at the Auditorium where we waz a sthappin' at an' sez she, in her new high bred way, she sez, "James," sez she, "you are a new member of me reytinue. I have taken quite an interest in you." She sez, "you have a decidedly foreign look—quite English, you know we are supposed to be an English family of rank here," sez she. "James, I believe you are quite bright, too," she sez.

COSETTE: Quite bright! Did she say that!

JAMES: (*Indignantly*) She did. But think of it, Cosette, think of the dishgrace of being said to look like a furriner. Me az am a naturalized American citizen with the papers to show for it.

COSETTE: It was terrible!

JAMES: Thin she continued. People always continue in learned discourse, Cosette. "You stand quite straight; you know how to make yourself insensible, like a post or piece of furniture," sez she, "but you look a trifle young," she sez. "You should have whiskers, James. Get whiskers immediately or I shall have to discharge you," she sez. (*Maid's hands in air scared*) Now Cosette, what was I to do?

COSETTE (*Solemnly*): Don't know.

JAMES: I didn't know either. I was that worrit-

ed that I took to the trolly to settle me nerves. The car was jam full and whin the conductor called out "Will thim as is in the front plaze move up to make room for thim as is behint an' so make room for thim as is nayther behint or befront." Begoora, I didn't even hear him. And I was that dazed that I couldn't see anthting. You know all thim beautiful signs on Lincoln Avenue. I kept readin' thim signs, "Foine Whiskers, Foine Whiskers," and finally I sez right out loud, sez I, "Fine Whiskers, begoora that's just what I'm afther—"

COSETTE: Did any one notice it?

JAMES: Some looked at me shurprised like, an' a pleasant individual as had his elbow in me ribs an' his paper in me eye sphakes up an' sez he, "What dye mane?" "Thim signs," sez I, "they sez 'Foine Whiskers,' an' " sez I, "begoora, that's what I want," sez I. "They don't say 'Foine Whiskers,' " sez he scornfully. "It's 'Foine Whiskies,' " sez he.

COSETTE (*Laughs*): Oh Jeemsy!

JAMES: An' Cosette shure enough it was so—an' I was that scared—you know Cosy darlint, I never touch a dhrop of the sthuff an' if misthress had known I was even readin' the signs she'd 'ave discharged me on the sphat.

COSETTE: She would! What did you do then?

JAMES: I was that disthurbed that I ups an' tells the man all about it.

COSETTE: Oh James! That was so common—to tell a stranger your troubles.

JAMES: Common or not, I did it an' I'm glad of it. He was a play actor an' told me about these—an' here I am. Misthress says its quite satisfactory.

COSETTE (*Nods*): Yes, but don't they come off easy, Jeemsy? (*Dances around him, and pokes them with duster.*)

JAMES: Och! Murdther! Don't. One nearly dhropped on the card salver the other day when me lud the Count was here. I was that sthiff with fright, but misthress didn't seem to notice it. I heard her say to Miss Helen, "James is getting a very correct bearing," she sez. Say Cosette, don't you think I have a very mobile face?

COSETTE: Yes, auto mobile, that's what makes the whiskers go—but hush, here comes the mistress.

(*Cosette hides or steps into wing. Enter Mrs. W. looking for something.*)

MRS. WILTON (*picks up piece of paper from table*): Ah! here it is. James, this is the sketch of my new coat of arms. It is English in design. Give it to the coachman and tell him to see that it is painted on all the carriages, automobiles and other vehicles, at once.

JAMES: At once! Yis, my lady.

MRS. WILTON: Yes, James.

JAMES: Yes, my lady.

MRS. WILTON: James, I don't quite like your ac-

cent or the way you announce the guests in the drawing room, especially Count Mavwotzki de Kobolotzki. There is an English family of rank stopping on Fifth Avenue, Lord Hightower of Towerton Court. Cultivate the acquaintance of the footman and get his accent and style of delivery.

JAMES: Yes, my lady.

MRS. WILTON (*Starts to leave, turns back*): And James, you really ought to be a blonde. It's more English to be blonde—and we must try to be English, unless we wish to be taken for Americans, which we don't. Get light hair, James, immediately—and light eyes if possible.

JAMES—Yis, my lady.

MRS. WILTON: YES, James.

JAMES: Yes. my lady.

(*Exit Mrs. W. James searches for Cosette; she appears.*)

JAMES: Did yez hear that, Cosette? Did yez hear it?

COSETTE: I did, Jeemsy.

JAMES: But think of it! Get light hair, and light eyes, immediately, she sez. And ask that English guy to teach me, she sez—teach me who am an American citizen, I sez, and the royal representative of a kingly race with a family tree as big as the cedars of Lebanon, sez I.

COSETTE: You—a family tree? Where did you get that tree?

JAMES: Why in the Encyclopedia, to be sure.

You know thim ould Druidses that used to rule the winds an' waves of the Imerald Isle?

COSETTE (*nods head doubtinglg.*)

JAMES: Well, I'm a direcht descindant of thim ould royal chiefs, I sez. Me proper sphere, a kingdom; me subjects, me slaves, sez I.

COSETTE (*Bows in mock humility, then imitates James*): "Me subjects, me slaves, sez I." So you belong to the royal Druidses family—say—why don't you tell the mistress—beg pardon—my lady—that on account of those old royal ancestors it wouldn't be "correct" for you to receive instructions from that English flunky—

JAMES: I'll do it. It will settle that part—but the hair—and the eyes—

COSETTE: They're all right as they are, Jeemsy—

JAMES: What?

COSETTE: The eyes.

JAMES: Cosette you are a jewel. But the hair—what of that?

COSETTE: Don't know. (Mistress') Blondine—that will do it. Come on! (*Exit Cosette.*)

JAMES: Cosette, you're a jewel, a sparklin' illigant jewel. Its against me principles as a freeborn naturalized American citizen, but there's me job—and me ould mather to look afther.

COSETTE (*Calls*): Jeems!

JAMES: Fath thin its exit Jeemes Pathrick O'Flannigan, late of 'Oirland an' now of Americkey, an' en-

ter the correct English James—his h's in an' out of season an' hair as yellow as thim American gold sthandards. A bloomin' sacrifice, fellow countrymen, to a woman's bloomin' imperialism, sez I. (*Exit James.*)

[CURTAIN]

ACT IV.

(*Night of ball, distant waltz music. Enter Mrs. W's. parlor, James and Cosette—James in blonde wig. They come from garden.*)

COSETTE: It's growing late, we must get to our duty—but the garden is lovely. The little stars twinkle and laugh—and, O Jeemsy, my lady and the Count, with his noble highness on his knees as meek as a kitten—

JAMES: An' Miss Helen, bless her, walkin' hup an' down the Havenue with 'er soldier; an' Miss Constance like a Druid priestess—

> But see, night's candles are burnt hout an' jocund day
> Sthands tiptoe on the misthy mountain tops.
> The revellers will be lavin; get thee to your lady an' I
> Begone an' live, or sthay an' die.

(*Wheels about and walks off very stiffly.*)

COSETTE: Isn't he "illegant?" So grand an' literary! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter ladies and gentlemen, gaily laughing and talking. Some may be keeping time to distant music—all searching.*)

MABLE: George and Helen went this way. Tommy Tellerton says they are to be married soon and I can't believe it.

TOMMY (*Reproachfully*): It's true. I said it, and you know my reputation for veracity.

FLORENCE: Yes, we know it, Tommy, your reputation—but they are not here.

SEVERAL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Not here.

MR. GORDEN: In the garden of course. (*Exit all laughing, etc.*)

(*Enter Helen and George.*)

HELEN: The evening is beautiful; the stars are thick as dew drops on the field of Heaven. Were the stars so bright in Cuba, George?

BROWN: No. You were not there, and even the sunshine lost some of its brightness. But why, Helen, if you did not intend to marry the Count, did you keep me in suspense so long? Was it like you, Helen, to be cruel?

HELEN: How could I know you cared for me? You went off to war without saying so—and there were Cuban beauties and Spanish Seniorettas.

BROWN: I went to war because duty to my country and suffering humanity demanded it. Believe me, it was no small task to keep back words that were crowding for expression. But you had always known me. Would you have been sure of your own heart without the trial of separation? And as for Cuban beauties and Spanish Seniorettas—here is your

picture—a Spanish bullet marred its beauty—but all through that terrible time it was my constant companion, my comforter—I might almost say the shrine where my prayer was ever that I might prove worthy of my country and my little American sweetheart in the States.

HELEN: George, forgive me. I do understand. I'm afraid I did. But I wanted to know—to be sure. And George I was so proud of you that you enlisted as a private when influence would have brought you a commission. So proud when we read of the honorable mention and of your promotion. Then my own prayer was that I might prove myself worthy of at least the friendship of such a noble man.

BROWN: Your words of praise are very dear, Helen. Some one says "It is the memory of sweethearts that makes men brave. On the pinnacle of goodness and loveliness sits the American woman—I salute her." (*Military salute.*) But that isn't the way I salute my Helen. I (*bends over her*)—

(*Enter Constance and Van Tuyle. George surprised and some vexed.*)

CONSTANCE: O Helen! It is really beautiful! The study of the heavens by starlight. Mr. Van Tuyle and I have been interpreting the oracles of the Universe and communing with the planets like gods and goddesses of old. Jupiter seemed in great good humor—he even winked at us—and Mars was a little less angry than usual. But Venus, (*approaches cen-*

ter of stage and gazes straight out as at descending Venus) Venus was beautiful. Her light was so pure and holy—so calm and steady—but why do you laugh. Are you then so happy?

VAN TUYLE (*impressively*): I assure you the study of the Cosmos and the law of harmony and truth combined throughout the Universe is extremely fascinating. It is to be hoped that all difficulties to its proper correlation to human sentiment may yet be overcome.

HELEN: We sincerely hope so. We laugh only because we are happy and responsive to your mood. (*Enter ladies and gentlemen, laughing and talking*): Ah, here are our friends.

FLORENCE: We have been searching everywhere for you.

HELEN: We have been here—just talking. (*George motions assent.*)

MABLE: "O, here—just talking!" Well we couldn't find you and Tommy Tellerton says we are soon to be invited to your wedding and—

HELEN (*reprovingly*): Tommy!

TOMMY: I heard it Miss Helen—it must be so, but here comes (*chorus of all on stage*) My Lord, the Count

(*Enter Count and Mrs. W.*)

COUNT (*bowing low*): My Lord, ze Count, ladies and gentlemen, and his lady, who, out under the stars wiz ze soft night wind blown all about and ze roses listening, have promised to each other an' eg-

schange of—affections (*demonstrations of surprise from all*). Iss it not so, my lady?

MRS. WILTON: It is, my Lord.

COUNT (*to Helen*): It iss your wedding day za speak of—zen allow me to present to you as ze wedding gift ze Count and future Countess Petrovitch Zeliecka Mavwotzki de Kobolotzki. For ze Russian bear, my dear daughter, goes to his home wearing ze beautiful American rose.

HELEN: Mama, is it true— and are you happy?

MRS. WILTON: Quite true Helen—the stars are our witnesses—and I am very proud—and happy.

HELEN:—Then Count and Countess Petrovitch Zeliecka Mavwotzki de Kobolotzki, your wedding gift but increases my happiness and in return I present to you your prospective son-in-law, George Abraham Brown, an American nobleman, greater even than—my Lord, the Count.

[CURTAIN.]

The following may be substituted for first part of Act IV.

Distant Music.

Moonlight scene in the garden. James (in blonde wig) and Cosette behind shrubbery. Enter George and Helen, slowly pass off stage.

Enter Constance and Van Tuyle. Constance leads the way, studies the stars in a rapt trance-like way. Turns often to Van Tuyle who watches her and follows closely. Reaches center of stage, turns slowly to Van Tuyle. He beckons or holds out hand, she follows, walks to him, gives her hand meekly and he leads her from the stage.

Enter Mrs. Wilton and Count. Count very attentive. Mrs. Wilton seats herself. Count declares himself. Mrs. Wilton growing more haughty. Count thinks she will refuse him, grows excited, finally

kneels. She more gracious. Extends hand—he rises, assists her to rise; they pass from stage.

Mrs. Wilton's parlor.

Enter James in blonde wig, has very stiff bearing.

COSETTE: It's growing late; we must get to our duty. But the garden is lovely. The little stars twinkle and laugh—and, O Jeemsy, my lady and the Count, with his noble highness on his knees as meek as a kitten—

JAMES: Yes Cosette—

But see! Night's candles are burnt hout an' jocund day
Sthands tiptoe on the misthy mountain tops;
The revellers will be lavin'; get thee to your lady, an' I
Begone an' live, or sthay an' die.

(*Wheels about and walks off very stiffly.*)

COSETTE: Isn't he "illigant?" So grand and literary! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter ladies and gentlemen, etc.*)

MABLE: George and Helen went this way, etc.

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